

ANIMADVERSIONS

UPON

Mr. John Gadbury's

ALMANACK,

OR

D I A R Y

FOR

The Year of our Lord 1682.

BYTHOMAS DANGERFIELD.

And Printed for the Author.



Published by *Langley Curtis*, at the Sign of *Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey*, in *Goat-Court* on *Ludgate Hill*. 1682.

MINIATURE

MR. J. H. BROWN

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the matter of the

above mentioned case.

I am sorry to hear that you are

unable to attend to the matter

at present, but I am glad to hear

that you are well.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
J. H. BROWN

M Eeting with Mr. John Gadbury's Almanack, or Diary, for the year 1682. Printed for the Company of *Stationers* (with more consideration of Gain than Loyalty) I could not but take notice of his scandalous Reflections, by them Printed, and by him, according to the Old Papistical Method of Lying, thrown upon my self: Of which I take not so much regard under my private Circumstances, as under that publick Circumstance of being the King's Evidence against him the said *Gadbury*, and several of his Fellow-Conspirators against the Life of His Majesty, and the Peace of the Kingdom; I say Conspirators; for what I then swore, I am ready still to maintain and justifie. The Company of *Stationers*, when they saw Mr. *Gadbury's* famous Lines, might have been so kind to have consulted me, before they Printed such scandalous Aspersions upon my Evidence, and the Discoveries I made. But since they have made them publick, *Gadbury* shall not think to wipe off so easily the Stains and Blurs of his deny'd Compliances with *Treason*, by calling me *Buffoon*, and *Scoundrel*. But it is so natural for an *Astrologer* to Lie, that I am in very great hopes that the World will give no more credit to him than is his due; which is in verity none at all. 'Tis a strange thing to me, that *He* who, when he was accused by my self before the King and Council, and was then asked this Question by the King (*viz.*) *If he had consulted his Stars, to know whether he should be sent to Newgate, or to the Gatehouse, and could tell no more what Answer to make, than a Horse: Or that He who can tell not so much as a common Shepherd, when 'twill Rain, when 'twill Snow, when 'twill Hail; and has made such a silly Conjecture of the present Raging Storms, by crying, Somewhat Windy at the beginning, should be so impudent, as to prognosticate the Changes and Alterations of Supreme Councils, and National Governments, and bring the Planets and Stars to vouch his paltry Impositions upon the People. For this reason it was that the Chaldeans and Mathematicians, (for by those names the Fortune-tellers, and Scheme-Erectors of those Times, commonly assumed to themselves) were several times expell'd Italy; particularly in the Time of Tiberius, who ordered one Thrasyllus by name, for his Lying, to be thrown into the Sea. Secondly, in the time of Claudius, at what time one of their Ringleaders, called Pitunius, was cast headlong from the Tarpeian Rock into Tybur. And then again in the Time of Vespasian; certainly the Chaldean, Gadbury, cannot pretend to any more Art than they did; and how he a Professor of an Impostor, infamous, we find as well to Heathenism as Christianity, should now aspire to spit in the face of Truth, I cannot easily understand, unless it be that he is an utter Enemy to that which he never did, or could write in his Life. Surely he forgot to consult the Stars, whether I would answer him or not; for if he had, he would never have had the Impudence to deny what he does. And now Mr. John Gadbury to the point, in the management of which I shall address my self to your Chaldeanship, in the common terms of *Tou* and *I*, for brevities sake; and you shall have the honour to have your *Tou* put into Dominical Letters, because You are an Almanack-maker, and signally black is the Dominican Colour.*

You say that meeting with the Earl of Castlemaines Manifesto, and in p. 96. your Name mention'd as subpena'd to testify at his Lordships Tryal, with this mark, That You never had any discourse with Dangerfeld about his Lordship, as

the said Dangerfeild pretended. And being demanded by many of your particular Friends, and others, whether the thing his Lordship said there were true. You did and do aver it for a truth, and as true as truth itself. And also You farther aver, that You never had discourse with Dangerfeild, either about his Lordship, or concerning any matter or Person else, as having never seen him but twice in your life before he appear'd against You at the Council, and then but transiently neither. As to his Lordships reflection upon your assertion, there is little or no heed to be given to it. For 'tis well known of what credit his Lordships writings are in reference to the Popish Plot, to which, the World well knows how zealous a Well Wisher he was, by his discreet management of the *St. Omers Evidence*. Now as to your avowment and farther avowment, You shall hear what I swore, and then let it be brought to Tryal when You please, viz.

That You and I, upon or about the 1st of September 1679. entering into discourse, I perceiv'd your countenance to change, when looking very angrily on me, You told me, that You wonder'd I would offer to displease the Lords in the Tower, and especially the Lord Castlemaine, (then out upon Bail who design'd to advance me in the World, and help me to make my Fortune. To which I repli'd, that I was not a little surpris'd to hear such words from You, and asked You, if you knew the ground of this displeasure. You then repli'd, yes, yes, You did; and then falling into a great passion, said, 'twas because I would not kill the King; said You to me, I admire at your Ingratitude, that when you could not propose to your self any possible way of getting out of Prison, &c. you should offer to refuse it. Nay said You to me, I might have done it with all the ease in the World, for no manner of hurt could have befallen me. Why said I, would not Death unavoidably have been the Consequence of it? No said You, for before I was releas'd out of the Kings Bench, You had an exact account from Mrs. Cellier of the Year, Month, Week, Day, and Hour I was born in. And the Countess of Powis ordered You to calculate my Nativity. And it is so clear, said You to me, that you are by all adjudged, the Person allotted for that bold and daring enterprize.

Now I appeal first, to your own conscience, if you have any, and then to all the World, whether this were not an absolute discourse between You and I, about the Lord Castlemaine. For it is all most sacredly true, notwithstanding all your confidence to deny it. But here lies the knack of the business, You mean that I never had any discourse with You about the Lord Castlemaine in the Year 1641. or in the year 1681. had you said so, there You had hit the nail o' the head: but alas, I did not swear to any of those Years, but only to the Year 1679. and that I'll stand by to the last. And therefore neither You nor the Lord Castlemaine must think to Sham the world with impertinent Manifesto's and Averments, to which there is no more credit to be given, than to your own observations upon the weather: 'tis only two Papists in a bad cause vouching one for another, like two Horse-stealers in Smithfield. For my part, I was certainly and intirely upon a conscientious discovery of the Truth, and before those Persons who were not to be flamm'd, or impos'd upon, neither did I make, or offer at the least, Capitulation for my life, till the King, after full satisfaction given concerning the truth of my discovery, out of his Majesties great clemency and wisdom, gave that last order for a pardon for me, in whose power my Life was, whether I spoketruth or no; and which I had most assuredly forfeited, had they found me astrologizing like your self, Mr. Gadbury.

But You go on, and avow that You never had any discourse with me concerning any matter or person, as having never seen me but twice in your life, &c.

This is another most notorious falshood: and this I must tell ye, in all your
three

(3)

three capacities; as a Taylor, a Quack, and a Figure Caster. For *You* saw me once when I came to give you notice of the meeting between the Lord *Peterborough*, and Sir *Robert Payton*, and three times within the space of six weeks before that: once upon a *Tuesday* in the evening, which was about the 23d of *Septemb.* 1679. at what time I call'd for Dame *Cellier*, whom I left at your House while I went *she knows where*, once at your own House, by your own appointment, which was about the 27th day of *Septemb.* and in the afternoon about three of the clock, where we discoursed about Sir *Denzell Hollis*, &c. and after that in some short time, at Mrs. *Cellier's* House in *Arundell Street*, and all this I will prove to your face, by several Witnesses, which perhaps you may in good time hear more of, for all your pardon. Then let me put *You* in mind of that extraordinary rainy day, when *You* came to Mrs. *Cellier's* House, and told her *You* were just come from the *Tower*, that *You* had din'd with the *Lord Powis*, and had brought her a note from the *Lord Arundell*, to go to a certain place mention'd in the said note, to receive a Sum of Money. And further to rub up your memory, for to use your own Words, I find it *very much bruised of late*, *You* know I gave *you* two Books, entitled, *Traitors Transform'd into Martyrs*, which I told you were wrote by one *Dormer*, upon the Execution of the five Jesuits. What weather is it now *friend John*? Here are no less than eight times, which are six more than *twice*, and if *You* consider the Circumstances, more than *transiently* to boot.

So then that *You* were privy to the design intended by the *Papists* against the Kings Life, and had made your self an equal Conspirator with them, and did discourse with me concerning the Lord *Castlemaine* is undenyably true. Now for further satisfaction, I shall refer the Reader to your own Evidence at Mrs. *Celliers* Tryal, where *You* swear, that *she desired you to consult your Art, to know how long the King would live*, (His Majesty being then sick at *Windsor*) and that *she asked You something about me*: and being ask'd by the Court what that *something* was: *You* repli'd, to get me out of Prison. Then being again ask'd by the Court, if *You* did nothing for *Cellier* at that time when she so earnestly importun'd *You* to consult your Art about the Kings Life, *You* repli'd, *You did a Scheme then, but since You found it to be for me, but You knew not for what it was when you did it*. Then being ask'd if *You* could apply one Scheme to any body? *You* replied, *When Mrs. Cellier came to You, she gave You the time of a Persons Nativity, and You set the figure of Heaven to that time, to know whether he were a Person fit to be trusted to get in money, her Husband being a French Merchant*.

Now what were the remarks of the Court upon these shuffling, cutting, equivocating answers of yours? *Why, truly that You talk'd as like a Papist as could be*----That *You* made all the company laugh, &c. And pass'd many Sarcasmes upon your baffling discourse, which shewed how much they were dissatisfied with the *bruises of your memory*.

But to come more particularly to the point, *You* confess that Dame *Cellier* did desire *You* to consult your Art, how long the King would live. Which being so confessed, all the world will believe that Mrs. *Cellier* would not have importun'd *You* about a business of such a dangerous consequence, had she not had a more than an ordinary *Conjuring* confidence in *You*. Whence I infer, that being so intimately, if I may not say desperately engaged with Mrs. *Cellier*, *You* could not chuse but have seen me more than *twice transiently*.

Next *You* confess *you did a Scheme which afterwards you found to be for me, to know whether I were fit to be trusted or no, to get in old debts*. A very probable story this! This French Merchant, Husband to Mrs. *Cellier*, had been broke for

many years before, and was as poor as a Rat, till his industrious Wife found the way to the *Plot*; and yet will any man of Reason believe that two or three hundred pounds should be rais'd and disburs'd to procure my liberty, -for no other end or purpose, than to gather in the debts of a Banckrupt that was some hundreds of pounds worse than nothing? and more than this, I defie any Man, Woman, or Child in the world to say to my face that ever I demanded a shilling from them as a Debt to Mrs. *Cellier*, or any Person intrusted for him, Ah, friend *John*, friend *John*, these are meer flams, and stories badly contriv'd, and worse put together; surely you never consulted the Stars about this? But lay your discourse and mine together. *That I had displeas'd the Lords in the Tower*, and why? your expostulating with me about ingratitude, and for what reason? Your securing me from danger, by the countenance of the Stars, and upon what account; and then it will appear why Mrs. *Cellier* was so kind a sollicitress for me; who they were, that had been so liberal, and why? Then it will appear that *you* did erect a Scheme for me, and that your business was of a higher nature than to trouble the seven Planets, and the Dragons Tail about such a silly Question, as *whether I were fit to be trusted to gather in the sweepings of a Banckrupt's Estate*, who as such, seldom or never have any thing they can call their own. Then it will appear, or at least be vehemently suspected that *you* did do a Scheme for the King. For Mrs. *Cellier* was a Woman that would not be flamm'd, and that you know well enough, Mr. *John*; she understood Men, and would not keep a correspondency of *ten or twelve years* with a Conjuror for nothing. Then, that I may touch you to the Quick, compare her letter to me, (after I was committed by the King and Council) for *you* must allow her the honour of the first invention) viz. *I have said you were taken into my House to get in desperate debts, &c. It cannot worst you.* And your answer, *That you did the Scheme to know whether I was a Person fit to be trusted to get in desperate debts*, and then it will appear your answer was a sham, because the invention from which it was borrowed was the same, a meer contrivance and forgery to obscure the Truth, The two Questions arise thus; Mrs. *Cellier*, why did *Dangerfeild* lodge at your House? Answer. *To get in my Husbands desperate Debts.* Mr. *Gadbury*, why did you erect a Scheme for *Dangerfeild*? Answer. *To know whether he might be trusted to get in those desperate debts.*

Now then, Mrs. *Celliers* excuse for me being a most devilish lie; it follows that Mr. *John Gadburys* answer must be of the same stamp, as coming out of the same Mint. And so the excuse failing the charge remains more clear than before.

Now then, since it is so plain, that *You* did draw a Scheme of Ensurance for me, to *Kill the King*, and proffered me all the spangled Host of Heaven for Bail, if there be any person that will believe that *You* never did discourse with me about the *Popish Lords in the Tower*, that I never discoursed with *You* about the *Lord Castlemaine*; and in short, that *You*, being one Confederate, never saw me your Brother-Confederate, but twice transiently in your life; that man is no rational Creature, till he have suck'd his reason from the *Pope's Toe*. Now how *You* came to play these pranks, and scape the *Tridentine Figure*, as *You* call it, is past my Astrology to tell, unless it were that the Stars had given *You* their *Minion*, better security than *You* could impose by their warrant, upon my belief.

But now I think on'r, I have one Question more to ask *You*, very pertinent to the matter in hand: For if we had never seen one another, and that *You* had not been very instrumental in the Cause wherein *You* found me engag'd, to what

what purpose was the two hundred and ten pounds given *You*, and that was collected for *You* immediately after *You* were discharg'd out of the Gatehouse. I know your wish will be (as it was, when the same Question was put to *You* by another hand) viz. That *You* may go to Hell immediately, if ever you saw or told one penny of it, or ever heard of any such thing: That is, *You* with *You* may go to Hell immediately, that is, to Hell in the Palace Yard, if ever *You* saw it with the Observator's Eyes, if ever *You* told one penny of it, with your Thimble and Bodkin; or if ever *You* heard of any such thing, with *Tobozers* Ears. But notwithstanding all this, 'tis true enough, *You* had this money, and it was given *you* for your sufferings and fidelity to the Catholick Cause, and *you* had as good confess, or else your neighbour *M. G.* will maintain and prove it to your face. Now that in all your Travels and painful Visits which *you* made to earn this money, that *you* should never see me but Twice, and that transiently; is a thing so much without the Verge of Belief, that *you* might as well have sworn me invisible. And that both *you* and the Lord Castlemaine must do, before all the *Averments*, *Avows*, and *Manifesto's* in the world will do any good, unless it be to the Company of Stationers, and they—

To draw a little more from your own mouth, I will apply one Plaister more to your bruised memory; For being asked when *you* knew the Scheme was for Dangerfeild? *you* answered, never before *you* came to the King and Council, for said *you*, he went by the name of Willoughby before. Now how far that before reach'd backward, *you* must give the thinking part of the world leave to judge, by what has gone before. And thus we have discover'd the Spring that moves this whole frame of Astrological equivocation:—and thus *you* have cut more work out to batch up against next Year. For this Year *you* have only avow'd that *you* never saw Dangerfeild but twice transiently: that *you* never discours'd with Dangerfeild, about the Lord Castlemaine and the Lords in the Tower.

Next Year *you* must write an other short Epistle to the Candid Reader, and make the same strenuous avow in reference to Willoughby, Come, come, friend John, these devices will never do your work; I perceive *you* understand Proverbs; soft and fairly goes far: He that Damns himself but once a Year, 'Ile warrant him shall go soon enough to the Devil. I commend your Providence; *you* thought one full mouth'd Cannon-bore equivocation would last twelve months, and so reserv'd Willoughby for the next Year. But the worst on't is, the Lord Castlemaine must alter his Manifesto too: a curfed trouble, but that we find, he has a good quick hand at his Pen.

Having made your avow's *you* come to ask Questions, and demand, upon what account I made my self so familiar with *you*, and swore *you* into the knowledge of the Honourable Lords in the Tower, whose faces *you* never yet saw that *you* knew of. His conscience, if he hath any, can best inform him.

This 'tis to be casting the Figures of other Men's consciences, and not mind your own. For look ye now—I must yet mind ye once more of the Rainy Day before mentioned, when *you* your individual self said, *you* came from the Lords in the Tower; That you din'd with the Lord Powis, and brought a Note from the Lord Arundel. Did the Lord Powis sit at Table *Alamode du Dumb-show*? mute and vizarded? If *you* will not believe your self, can *you* expect that other People should believe ye? 'Tis a likely story that *you* could dine with a man and not see his face. In the next place I am to put *you* in mind, that upon your examination before the King and Council, *you* confess'd, That *you* had cast the Lord Powis's Nativity. For which I refer *you* to the Council Minutes taken upon Sunday, Nov emb. 2. 1679. Which being true, it is most rational to believe

that *you* were admitted to the *Lord Powis's* Table, either in acknowledgment of what *you* had done, or in order to what *you* were to do. For *Lords* are curious, and not understanding your Astrological snatches, cannot but have a natural desire to understand the exposition of your marks and signs, and the reason of things: And it cannot be imagin'd but the curiosity of the rest of the *Lords* must bring them all in a hurry to hear great news from the *Heavens*, were it for no other reason, but out of a Complement, either to congratulate the happiness, or condole the misfortune of their fellow-sufferer. Now is it likely that *you* would hazard your self upon such dangerous enterprizes, without knowing the faces and feeling the Purfes too of those that employed ye? Then again the Persons for whom the *Schemes* were erected, and the juncture of time, plainly demonstrate the concatenation of the Causes of these solicitous enquiries. The Kings life was sought, but hearing he was sick, a *Scheme* must be erected to know whether he would outlive the distemper, or put them to farther trouble. Then *Mine* in the nick of time, for encouragement to proceed, in case of His Majesties Recovery. Then the *Lord Powis's*, to make a discovery of the issue of the business by his good or bad Fortune. Now that the *Popish Lords* in the *Tower* should be unacquainted with their *Delphian Oracle*, especially *you* your self confessing *you* had din'd with one, receiv'd a note from another, and telling me that the *Lords* in the *Tower* were displeas'd with me, and that *you* knew the reason of it, is a thing never to be controverted.

There is one thing more which I cannot pass by, and that is, that *you* call your self a *Protestant*. It was a thing which the Court would not believe, nor can any unbiass'd person in the world have any reason to believe it, by that which follows.

The Court demanded of *you*, if you knew of any attempt to change the Government. To which *you* answered, *you* knew of no Plot, unless it were a Plot to bring Sir Robert Payton over to the Kings Interest. That Plot *you* had some concern in.

But why a Plot to bring over Sir Robert Payton to the Kings Interest *you*'l say, because Sir R. P. was a great stickler against the *Duke of Yorks* Interest, and took great pains to incense the People against it. Now to shew how like a *Protestant* *you* manag'd this design, 'tis well known that *you* procur'd a meeting between the *Lord Peterborough*, and Sir Robert Payton at your own house, and this under pretence of a long continu'd Friendship, and there they met so often, that at length Sir Robert Payton, was perswaded to wait upon the *Duke*, and did kiss his Hand, and was from that time forthwith taken into favour. And this *you* call a Plot to bring over Sir R. P. your great Friend to the Kings Interest, by getting of him receiv'd into the *Dukes* favour only. What said the Court to this? Not a tittle. For they understood better things than to believe *you* spoke a word of Truth. Well knowing, that the Kings Interest is altogether *Protestant*, the Peace and Quiet of the Religion and Government in Church and State, as it is now by Law Establish'd: the Interest of the *Duke* of another nature, as having been declar'd a *Romish Catholick*. So that it was Sir Robert Paytons loss, that out of your seeming *Protestant* Friendship, *you* betrayed him to your own *Romish Catholick* party; whose Interest is so Diametrically contrary to the Interest of His Majesty, and to the *Genius* and Interest of the whole Nation. For which kindness would Sir R. P. but take upon him the so much abus'd Character of the Kings most Loyal Evidence, I am of opinion, I might see *you* translated from your habitation in *Brick Court* to another place. And now whether *He* that professes himself a *Protestant*, and acted so like a
cordial

cordial *Papist*, can be believ'd, to be what he only says he is, I leave to all the *Candid Readers* in the world to judge.

As for your praying for the King, 'tis to be look'd upon as a meer piece of convenient and time serving flattery, a pretence to cover the malignity of your black Soul. Were it real, it were highly to be commended; but as it is not, there are many that pray for the King with their lips, yet curse him in their hearts. As for all your *hatings*, and *abhorings* of this and that, while you pray for the King, you curse his Loyal and best Subjects under the names of *Jugling Nonconformists*, *Papists in Masquerade*, and *Narrative Writers*, and all this, meerly because they obviated your Hellish Designs. And indeed he that will betray his friend, can never be true to his King. And this is demonstrable by your *Plot* to bring over Sir *Robert Payton* to the Kings Interest. For if that were your design, why did you not do it? if you did it out of affection to the *Papist Interest*, you were a *Traitor* to your Friend, unfaithful to your Prince, and consequently an absolute *Papist*, however you may pretend your self to be a *Protestant*. So that your *Honouring Monarchy* signifies nothing. For *England* was Monarchical in time of Popery as well as now, and under that Circumstance you expected it would ere now have been so again. Your professing your self to be a Member of the Church of *England*, signifies as little. For in the Ages of *Peter-Pence*, we know the Church of *England* was then Establish'd by Law, and that no question, is the Establishment you mean, and as you have confirm'd by your own practices.

As for your Astrological Observations, they are not worth the *leanest louse* that ever suffered under the violence of your needle. you speak irreverently of the very Stars you get your Bread by. Say you in your Observations upon *January*, *The angry Stars do belch out enmity faster than the Planets can breath forth Unity*. A strange and unseemly accusation of the Stars; as if you were indebted to the Planets for rent, and therefore thought to pay your Landlords with good words, you speak scandalously of the Justice of the Nation in these words; *When is there hopes of Unity? When we shall hate Violence, Fraud and Perjury*. As if they who by their Oaths and Testimonies had brought the Conspirators against His Majesty to condign punishment, had done it by *Fraud and Perjury*, and that nothing but *Cassilemaines Compendiums*, and *Manifestos* were to be believ'd. Every page of your Observations breaths forth nothing but malice against the Kings best Witnesses, advancement of Popery, disturbance of the Government, and the raising of fears and jealousies between the Prince and his People. What have you to do with the Councils at *Whitehall*, or the Councils in *Scotland*, but only to amuse the unthinking, and most giddy People of the multitude? For most certainly you knew no more than *Cotwells* dead Broom. Tell the Country Gentlewoman when she shall sow her Pease, and set her Sweet Marjorome: tell the City Haberdasher of small wares, when *Bristol* and *Exeter* Fairs will be, and tell him how far it is between *London* and *St. Davids*: This is your business *Friend John*. Can any Man of reason abstain from loud laughter to hear you apply your nonsense to State Affairs? as for example, in your Observations upon the Suns ingress into *Aries*. *What shall I say? Can Saturn the great enemy of nature bode any good this Year to Mankind? Is he not in the 7th angle, and the house of his Enemy too? What if he be? there let him stay, who cares a rush? But when he shall be Lord of any revolution, and in Leobaving Northern Latitude, he renders the designs and projects of many men frustrate*. What Ruff is this?

And yet the intent of it is mischievous, to keep the minds of men addicted to folly, and superstitious imaginations in suspense. And that this is the design at which you drive is plain, by your quoting a silly Prophecie of that *Popish Wizard Nostre-Damus*, in derision of your enemy *Geneva*.

In short such Figure-Casters as you, are not fit to be suffered under a Protestant Government, nor indeed understand, For as your Art is fallacious, and consequently impious, so when those fallacies and impieties are us'd to a seditious end, they are the more to be abominated. None but the Superstitious believe ye, and never any that did believe ye, but perish'd through their folly. *A sort of People*, saith Tacitus, *Treacherous to Princes, deceivers of them that believe them, and therefore alwaies prohibited from our City*. And therefore it is a shame that they are so publickly tolerated to hang out their amusing signs in *This*, and to give out their bills about the Streets, to inveigle, and many times undo wanton and inquisitive Youth.

Alter all this I admire what unlucky Star influenc'd you to make this unfortunate vindication, and to provoke me to collect these *Truths* in my own defence, to encounter your lies and equivocations. For certainly Men are not to live in this world, that will hear themselves abus'd, and tax'd of Villanies, and Perjuries, by those that are the Criminals themselves. If you have your pardon, thank God and the King for it, but in my opinion 'tis a breach of that Grace, to side anew with those that seek all they can to stifle the *Plot*, and vindicate their Conspiracies, to the disparagement, and high dishonour of the Kings Justice. *Friend John*, when you become honest, I shall be glad to be yours,

Thomas Dangerfeild.

